

Tonight, Thursday, Oct. 29

DON'T MISS THE

Republican Rally

at the HIGHLAND PARK THEATRE

Beginning at 7 p. m. Moving Pictures will be shown. Speaking at 8:00

The Hon. Webster Davis

of Kansas City, Ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury will speak on the issues of the campaign. He is a great orator and to hear him is a privilege indeed.

Hon. Geo. Edmund Foss, County Judge Perry L. Persons and others, will address you

ALL COUNTY CANDIDATES WILL BE PRESENT

FREE—All are Welcome. Ladies especially Invited—FREE
Don't forget the Date. Oct. 29

OUR EARLY PATHFINDERS.

Pioneer Work of La Verendrye and His Gallant Band.

The first white man to reach the "western sea" by crossing the North American continent was Sieur Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Verendrye whose expedition left Montreal June 8, 1731. With half a hundred companions, including his three young sons, the daring Frenchman set out from the fort at Montreal and plunged into the wilderness, intent upon discovering that narrow sea which was supposed to separate America and China.

During the months and years that followed La Verendrye and his gallant boys triumphed over a multitude of obstacles. Some of his men were massacred by hostile Indians, others fell victims to disease, exposure and accident, and hardships were frequent. After many hardships Lake Winnipeg was reached, but La Verendrye was disappointed in finding it a large body of fresh water, instead of the fabled western sea.

After thirteen years of effort the expedition was turned back by the impenetrable mountain fastnesses. But, although the main mission failed, La Verendrye was the first white man to reach the banks of the upper Missouri and Saskatchewan rivers and to traverse what are now the prosperous provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

It was not until 1793 that Alexander Mackenzie, a Scotchman, penetrated the Rockies and reached the shores of the Pacific.—New York World.

HEIGHT OF WAVES.

In Severe Storms the Crests May Mount Fifty Feet.

It is only in the imagination of the poets that waves rise "mountains high." The exact altitude and length of waves have been measured with scientific accuracy, and the record waves are carefully recorded. Waves in shallow water are, as a rule, higher than those in open or deep water. The height of a wave is commonly about one-fifteenth its length.

The longest wave on record was 2,500 feet, measuring from crest to crest, its period being about twenty-two seconds. Waves of extreme length are seldom very high. A wave 2,500 feet in length, rising in deep water, will have a height of about fifty feet.

When a wave enters shallow water its crest becomes considerably higher, and one of a height of forty feet will frequently rise to fifty feet. If it meets resistance, it may be thrown up twice this height.

In severe storms at sea, waves rarely reach a height of fifty feet. The average in such time has a period of about ten seconds, which would indicate a

length of about 600 feet. Waves with a period of ten seconds have a length of from 150 to 300 feet and a height of thirty-three feet and form a very high sea.—Exchange.

Porfirio Diaz's Poetic Prophecy.

President Porfirio Diaz, who ruled over Mexico for more than a quarter of a century as an absolute dictator, believed that only such iron rule could bring peace and progress to the half civilized millions of that country. Several years ago, when his power was still unbroken, an American who was on intimate terms with him ventured to suggest that the Mexicans were now prepared for a more liberal form of government and hinted that his rule was too severe. The stern old man stiffened his gaunt figure and ran his fingers through his locks, now white with years.

"When these snows melt," he said prophetically, "the mud will be deep in Mexico."—Youth's Companion.

An Infalible Sign.

Whenever Robert's mother went away on a visit the little fellow was so badly spoiled by a doting father and grandmother that upon her return it took several applications of the rod to mend his ways.

One day when she had been absent for a week a neighbor asked Robert when his mother was coming home.

"Oh, she'll be back very soon now," he replied. "I'm beginning to get pretty bad."—New York Post.

A True Courtier.

Upon his arrival at the court of Vienna a former French ambassador was presented to the empress, who was aware that the day before he had visited the beautiful Countess X.

"Is it true," she asked, "that the Countess X is the most lovely woman in Europe?"

"I thought so yesterday, your majesty," replied the diplomat with a graceful bow.

Concert Pitch.

She (at the ball game)—Why does he make those motions with his arm before he pitches the ball? He—Those are signals to the catcher. The two men work in concert. She—Dear me! Is that the "concert pitch" I've heard about so often?—Boston Transcript.

Explaining an Ancient Episode.

"George Washington did not hesitate to tell the true story of how the cherry tree got chopped."

"Yes," replied the man who had testified in an investigation. "George was pretty smart. He knew how to get immunity."—Washington Star.

Be as pleasant in your own home as you are in your neighbors'.

The Sheriff and the Song Birds

Upon the sheriff devolves the duty of maintaining the game laws of the county. During the last few years the southern portion of Lake County has been troubled with men and boys who have been hunting without license and ruthlessly killing the song birds. These men have been a great nuisance to the farmers and have been responsible for driving away the song birds from Lake County.

The present game laws protect the song birds. These laws also prevent any kind of shooting without a license. These laws can be enforced by the sheriff, if he wants to enforce them. The sheriff has power to protect our native birds from slaughter and to prevent anybody from going upon land without permission.

The sheriffs of Lake County have hopelessly failed to do their duty in this respect and the citizens of the county are very much interested in the position taken by Mr. C. B. Dicks of Lake Villa, who is running for sheriff on the Progressive ticket. Mr. Dicks guarantees to enforce the game laws.

HIS PLATFORM

To the voters of Lake County: The office of sheriff is the office of law enforcement. I am especially interested in the protection of game. I propose, if elected, to enforce the game laws in Lake County. I guarantee that as sheriff I will stop illegal and unlicensed shooting. I guarantee, if elected as sheriff, to protect the song birds from ruthless slaughter. 34 adv C. B. DICKS.

SOME VERY LATE WAR NEWS

Elgin Merchant Receives Amusing Message From the "Front"

Harry Levy, of the Milk Plant company, received a day letter telegram recently containing the "latest news from the war."

On careful perusal he found it to contain the following:

"Just returned from war zone and this is the latest news from the front:

The Germans have taken Pilsener and are now surrounding Delicatessen, where the Wutst is expected. The Belgian Hares have fallen out with the Welsh Rarebit and the Swiss Cheese is shot full of holes.

"This will make the Irish stew and the English Mustard hot and if the Russian Caviars the French Pastry it may start a Swiss movement watch on the Rhine. The Spanish Onions are strong for a mix-up, and if the Home Preserves are called out and spread over the German Noodles they may Ketchup with the Navy Beans, thereby causing an uprising of the Brussels Sprouts."—Woodstock Republican.

How She Saved the Bank

A Financial Story of the 1907 Panic

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

There are different ways of furloughing one's getting on in the world. Short-sighted persons can see only one way, which is acting on the adage, "Every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Nevertheless men have made fortunes by helping others. The difference between this class and the other is that one acts with a view to bettering his condition, while the other acts through kindness of heart.

When I was a young man I obtained a position in a bank and by attending faithfully to business rose to be cashier. I was economical, so far as my own personal expenses were concerned, but I don't think I was mean. I would never lend small sums to my young men companions, but when any one really needed assistance would give it outright.

That I had good judgment in making investments is proved by the fact that my savings grew rapidly. When I was twenty-seven years I married Molly Redfield, aged twenty. A year after our marriage word came in from a western town that there was only one bank in the place and room for more. After talking the matter over with my wife I decided to start a bank there. I got some of the stockholders of the institution with which I was connected interested in the project and with my own capital in due time opened my doors for deposits.

I found that the man already established, John Redfield, had antagonized certain persons by declining to give them all the discounts they desired, and there being no other banker in the town, they had taken steps to have one establish himself there. Those persons welcomed me, opened accounts with me and averred that if I would do a liberal business and not be scared at trifles I would soon do all the business of the town.

I saw at once that Redfield was not pleased at the appearance of a rival and took secret means to discredit me. He kept the best and safest accounts, while the weakest came to me. But by adhering rigidly to fixed principles of banking and acting on the supposition that there was business enough for both of us I got my share of the new deposits, which were increasing, and occasionally one of Redfield's customers would fall to me. But, as I had maintained, there was business enough for both, and at the end of five years Redfield had more than held his own, while I had obtained a solid footing.

Bankers, like sea captains, must expect storms. I managed my affairs with this in view; but, as in the case of a sailor, much depends upon the facility with which he can get in sail, so the banker's safety depends upon his ability to get in his loans. If the captain keeps his sails furled he will make no headway, and if the banker keeps his money in his vaults he will make no money. When the panic of 1907 came on I was in as good, if not better, condition than the average banker to meet the storm.

I looked at one time during that panic as if the financial structure of the United States was about to collapse. I confess I was in great fear that it would carry me down with it and bury me under its ruins. Every day more money was withdrawn from circulation and locked up. I got in all the loans I could and sold at a great sacrifice all my private property. This I turned into gold, took it to my home and concealed it under a board in the floor. I proposed to keep it to enable me to pass a crisis.

The financial barometer—the New York stock market—continued to fall, and money grew proportionately scarce. One morning I heard that a run had been started on Redfield's bank, and as the day wore on the line before the paying-teller's window increased. There was nothing like a run on my bank, but during the day the amount drawn was three times the usual average.

The next day the line leading to the paying teller's window of Redfield's bank was increased, and at noon Redfield came to my bank and told me that he must either have help or close his bank. He asked for it on the ground that if he went under the panic would extend to me and I would be carried down with him.

I told him that I did not think so. That there would be a run on my bank I was willing to admit, but my intelligent depositors would not draw their money, and I could pay all the rest.

"Then," he said, "I am ruined. I am too old to begin again, especially with a debt hanging over my head. If I had \$20,000 or \$30,000 to tide me over the rest of the day I could pull through, for tomorrow I am promised payment on a sale of bonds I have made."

It was then 12 o'clock. I told Redfield that I would consider the matter of helping him and let him know by 2, if not earlier. He went back to the hungry crowd before his bank, and I, calling an auto cab, went home. There I found my wife and told her that I was called upon to save Redfield, with the strong probability of going under myself later. If I gave him the gold

I had in reserve he would pull through. But my trouble was still to come, and without the funds I had sacrificed my property to provide I knew I could not meet a run.

"My wife thought a long while before replying. When she did she said:

"Give it to him. He is an old man and to break down would kill him. I have little doubt that in saving him you will go under. But we are comparatively young and can begin again."

"Remember," I said, "beginning again is a hard thing to do."

"So it is, but when I or another must perish I prefer to give way to the other."

Without replying, I took up the board concealing my treasure and was about to put the gold in a satchel when my wife stopped me.

"Go back to the bank," she said, "and let me attend to this. You are needed there, and I can convey this gold to Mr. Redfield."

There were the shining gold pieces that I had accumulated slowly and by constant work and that I was going to send to another on the eve of needing them myself to save me from ruin. "Charity begins at home," I said to Molly. "I fear we are going to do something we will regret."

"That adage has a good deal of truth in it," she replied, "but I have never come across any adage that will cover every case. I prefer the one 'Cast your bread upon the waters.'"

"Very well, sweetheart; if we go under through saving another you will not chide me with having done so and I shall have a stout helpmeet with whom to begin anew."

I left my wife to attend to the matter in her own way and returned to my own immediate duties.

A few minutes before 2 o'clock Molly came to my bank. "Well," she said, "I've taken the gold to Mr. Redfield. I chose a course bag that had held potatoes to carry it in, and the bulk looked very small. It occurred to me that I would be seen delivering it at the bank and if I could make the crowd believe there was more of the gold it would induce confidence. I emptied the coal scuttle standing beside the range into the bottom of the bag and put the gold on top."

"All of it?"

"Every dollar."

"Go on."

"When I got the coal and the gold in the bag and had tied a string around the top I cut a slit in the bag near the gold, over which I held my hand. Then I called a cab, got in with the treasure and drove to the Henderson bank. When I reached it I sent in for some one to come out and carry it inside. The crowd watched the clerk take the bag from me, and as I handed it to him I took my hand away from the slit I had cut in it, and out rolled half a dozen gold pieces.

"The crowd set up a shout, and, hurrying the clerk into the bank, I picked up the pieces on the pavement—that is, all I could find. I think I must have lost something like five half eagles, or \$25."

"An investment worth \$25,000!" I exclaimed.

"As I went into the bank to take a receipt for the funds there was another shout, and I noticed a number of persons leave the line."

I threw my arms about Molly's neck and kissed her.

There was a call at the telephone. It was Redfield.

"That wife of yours," he said, "far more than the gold she brought has saved me. We have counted a dozen depositors whose accounts would aggregate \$30,000 leave the line. The gold wouldn't have been enough. It was the coal that did it!"

I told Molly that I had had some very large amounts drawn during the day and if there was as much cash called for on the morrow I would surely go under.

The next morning I was horrified at seeing a line of unintelligent depositors before my bank waiting for the doors to open. I thought I could stand the run for that day, and I did, but the next as early as 11 o'clock our funds had been so reduced that I knew we could not keep paying till the closing hour.

The morning journals had given an account of my wife's arrival at Redfield's bank with a bag of gold and of the effect it had produced. This helped me a good deal, but it seemed that every depositor I had in the lower walks of life was in line. It was half past 2, and our pile had been reduced to \$200. Despite the delays practiced by the receiving teller to gain time I knew it would not hold out for the remaining half hour.

At twenty-nine minutes to 3 Molly drove up to the bank with a sack and called for some one to carry it into the bank. I rushed out, seized it and ran with it into the bank amid the plaudits of the crowd. When I got it into my private office and opened it, hoping that Molly had effected a loan, I was shocked to see nothing but nut coal.

But her ruse was effective. Some of those in the line, having deposits which for their class were quite large, on seeing her carry in a bag, supposing that she was repeating her act of the day before, left the line, leaving those near the window whose accounts were very small. When the clock struck 3 and the window was closed there was but \$12 in the bank.

But meanwhile Redfield had got in his loan and the next morning returned sufficient of what I had sent him to carry me through. As soon as all danger had passed he had the gratitude to tell the story of how he had been saved, and, while Molly became a heroine, I profited in emolument.

Of all the acts of my life this pleases me most.

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Supplemental Notice

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the City of Highland Park and State of Illinois, that an assessment be levied for the paving with macadam of the streets in the City of Highland Park, Illinois, as follows: Highland Park, Illinois, where the center line of said street intersects the bridge north of that part of St. John Street north from and St. John Avenue in its course, from the paved roadway be constructed on, thence north on St. John Avenue, thence east on Oak Street, and thence east on the paved roadway for on Highway 1914, and the law supplemental proceedings on the file in the Clerk of said City to the County Court for an assessment improvement, and a supplemental assessment thereof has returned to said Highway 1914.